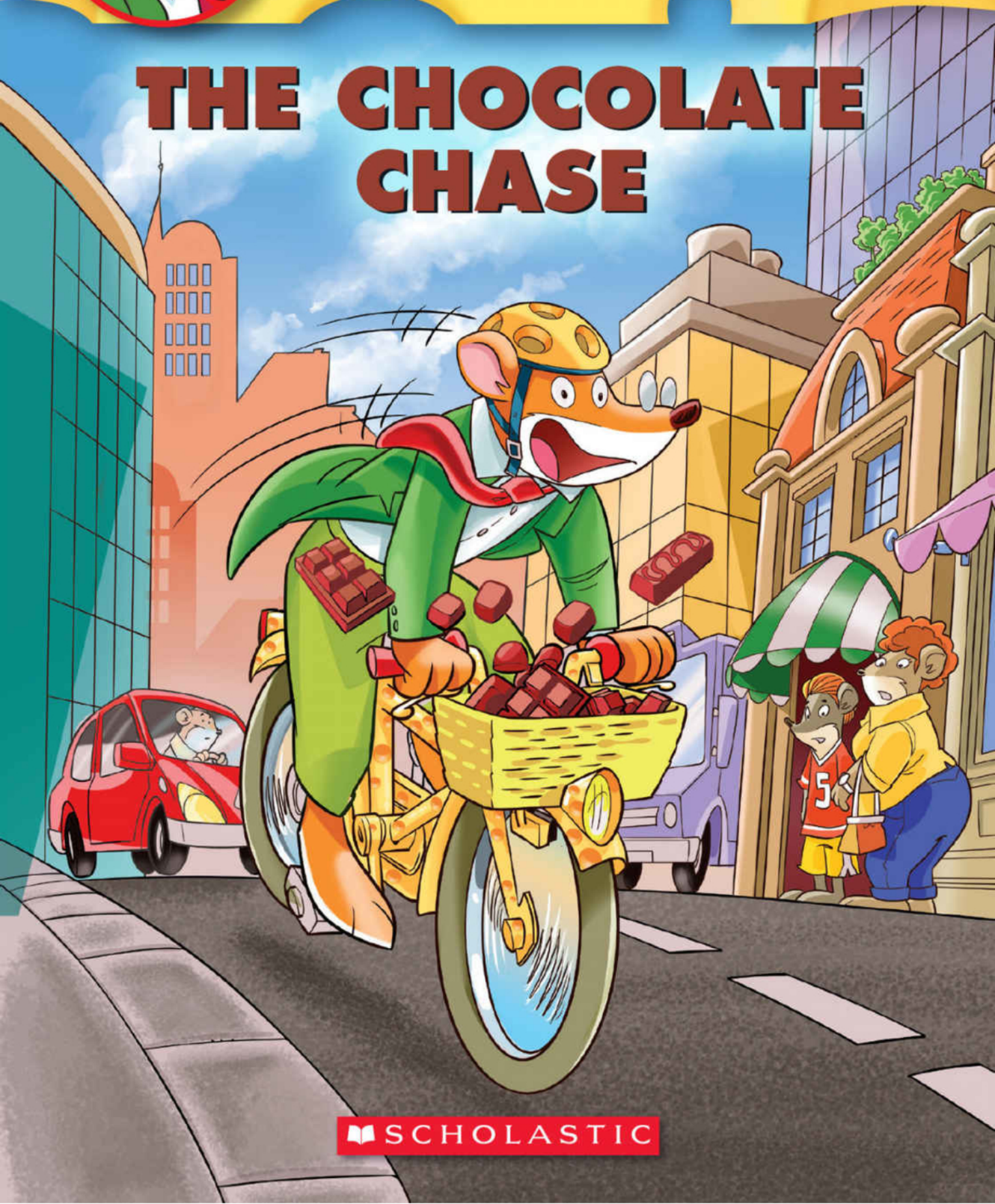




Geronimo Stilton

THE CHOCOLATE CHASE



 **SCHOLASTIC**

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of

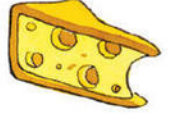
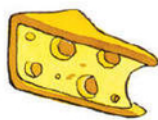
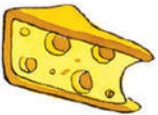
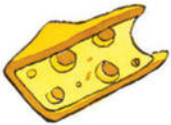
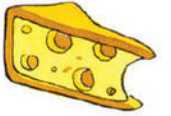
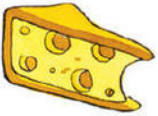
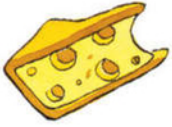
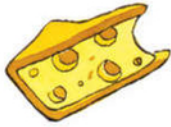
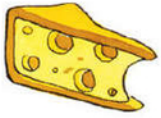


Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*



Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew

Geronimo Stilton

THE CHOCOLATE CHASE



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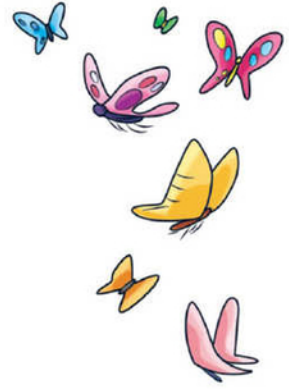
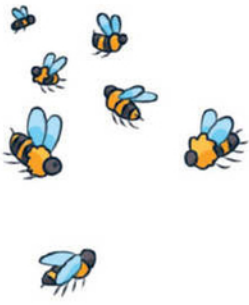
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READY FOR ANYTHING!



I stood on the roof of the **Rodent's Gazette** office building and admired the view. **Little** **birds** chirped from **flowered** branches, the breeze blew softly through my whiskers, and the **SUN** was shining brightly.

What a perfect day for New Mouse City's

annual Spring Festival!

Everymouse looked forward to celebrating the end of winter and spending time with friends and family. There were fun activities scheduled all over town.

What a mouserific day!



But first, it was my turn to take care of our newspaper's **vegetable garden**.

I was watering the plants, when a sudden loud voice scared the cheddar out of me.

“Mr. Stilton!” my assistant, Mousella, cried. “What are you still doing up here? It’s very late!”

“Moldy mozzarella!” I squeaked. “Don’t sneak up on me like that!” I leaned over to **GRAB** the rake I’d left on the ground. But I stepped on the end and —

Mr. Stilton! It's late!





BAAAAANG!

The handle hit me smack in the middle of my snout! *Ouch!*

I saw cheese stars! I stumbled across the roof, holding my head in my paws.

“Mr. Stilton, watch out for the fertilizer . . .”

Mousella cried.

But it was too late! I fell tail first right into the smelly fertilizer.





This was not a good look for me. I am *Geronimo Stilton*, editor in chief of the **Rodent's Gazette**, the most famous **NEWSPAPER** on Mouse Island!

At least the *Rodent's Gazette's* garden looked fabumouse. We're very proud of it. We grow **flowers**, **VEGETABLES**, and a few small citrus trees. We even have some beehives to produce delicious honey.

"I hope you have a change of clothing, Mr. Stilton." Mousella sighed. "That fertilizer smells like **rotten Gorgonzola!**"

"Of course! Today I am ready for **anything!**"

"Are you sure?" Mousella asked.

"Today is the Spring Festival. The **Rodent's Gazette** needs all paws on deck to cover every moment for our readers! Are you coming? Do you have your flyer?"



Oh no!

I hope you
have a
change of
clothing!



“But that’s why I **came up** here, Mr. Stilton. You’re late for your staff meeting!”

Squeak, what a disaster!

“I tried calling. Is your cell phone off?”

“**Holey Swiss cheese**, you’re right!” I cried, pulling my phone out of my



In New Mouse City, everyone celebrates spring by giving one another yummy chocolate eggs.



I tried calling.



My cell phone is off!



pocket. It had been off the whole morning! I tried dusting some of the fertilizer from my dirty clothes. “I’ll just have to go like this. Come on!”

It was my meeting—they couldn’t start without me!



A VERY LONG DAY

As soon as I **arrived** at the staff meeting, everyone started complaining about a smell.

“Who brought the rancid rat snack?”

“Quick, open the windows!”

I tried to back out of the room before anyone noticed I was the source of the smell, but my cousin Trap **burst** through the door and halted my escape.

“**Geronimeister**, what a **mess**. What, did you fall in some **fertilizer**?”

“**SHHH!**” I whispered, but it was too late.

“You’re right, Trap! Mr. Stilton did fall in the fertilizer!” Mousella said.

The whole room **turned** to stare at me. I blushed. **Great gobs of gooey cheese**, how embarrassing!



Trap **quickly** distracted everymouse by telling some stinky **PUNS**.

Then he dragged me to my office, **closing** the door behind him.

In my office, I changed into clean clothes. I went through a list of things I needed to do.

“First, I have to get back to the editorial meeting,” I said to myself. “Then I **have to go visit** the Mousebergé Egg Exhibit



You
rodents
have a nose
for news—too
bad you can smell
fertilizer, too!

Hope
you aren't
scent-a-mental
about how it usually
smells in here!

Stilton?
More like
Stinkton!
I thought I
smelled rat!

Ha ha ha!

He he he!

What a smell!

Hmm...





so I can write an article about it—”

“You don’t have time for that!” Trap interrupted me. “You **PROMISED** to help me with the baking **competition!**”

“What? I don’t remember that,” I said.

“But I need you,” Trap cried. “You have an exceptional **SNOUT** for chocolate!”

I sighed. “I’m sorry, Trap. I have too many things to take care of today.”

Just then my **COMPUTER** started shrieking.

“Geronimooooooooo!”

I jumped in surprise. “*Greasy Gorgonzola!* What is that?”

Trap *chuckled*. “Geronimo, you are such a **scaredy-mouse**! It’s just Hercule Poirat, video conferencing you on your computer!”



I **LOOKED** down at my computer. Trap was right. The snout of my friend, private detective Hercule Poirat, was **staring** back at me!

“Hercule, what in the **FROZEN FETA** are you doing on my computer screen?” I asked.





“Hello, Geronimo,” he said. “Do not fear, I have installed a **little** program on your computer so that we can video-chat whenever I want!”

I smoothed my whiskers and waited for my heart to stop **POUNDING** out of my chest.

What is that?



Ha, ha, ha!





“Now I can call you anytime I need to ask for your **HELP**!” Hercule continued.

“Speaking of help,” Trap said. “Hercule, convince him he has to help me win the **BAKING COMPETITION**!”

I opened my mouth to explain why I couldn’t, but Hercule jumped in. “Trap is your cousin! You have to **HELP** him!”

I was outnumbered. “Okay, Trap. I will help you. I’ll meet you at your **kitchen** as soon as my editorial meeting is over.”

Trap was so happy he started dancing the **samba** and singing, “Great, great, great **cousinkins** . . . you deserve a **mega-hug**. I knew I could count on you!”

Trap **danced** right out the door, and I turned back to my computer.

Hercule cleared his throat. “Since you’re



in a helping mood, how do you feel about helping me, too?”

Thundering cat tails, I could not say no to a friend in need! Even when I had so much to do already . . .

“You can count on me, Hercule. I’ll come by your office before I go see Trap.”

Hercule gave me a **THUMBS-UP** and signed off from the video chat.



how do you feel about helping me?



I sighed. I had promised to help both Trap and **HERCULE** —and I still needed to get to the egg exhibit. This was going to be a **VERY LONG** day!

Would you like a piece of
my cheddar bread?

Thank
you!



HERCULE AND I HAVE
BEEN FRIENDS SINCE
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

EVEN THOUGH HERCULE
ENJOYED PLAYING A LOT
OF PRANKS ON ME . . .

Boo!

Ahh!



Help!

Ha,
ha,
ha!



Ha, ha, ha!



Squeak!



WE HAVE ALWAYS HAD
A GOOD TIME TOGETHER!



EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL!

I took a deep breath, checked to make sure my shirt was tucked in, and started **WALKING** toward the meeting room. **Mousella** stood in front of the door.

So much to do!



“Mr. Stilton, we are already behind schedule!” she squeaked. Then she paused, looking at my face. “You seem tired—is everything okay?”

“**I am just fine!**” I huffed. “Everything is under control. I just have a lot of cheese on my plate today. I promised Hercule I would help him with a **SECRET** matter, and then I have

to help Trap bake his **CHOCOLATE EGG**, and then . . .” I trailed off.

Mousella held up her paw. “No worries, I have taken care of everything!”

She tapped something on her tablet and pulled up a list of all the *Spring Festival* events. She had gone through and assigned every staff rodent an event to cover for the festival special issue.

I looked at her in surprise. I didn’t have to lift a paw! “Mousella, thank you so much! I don’t know what I would do without you. Since you have this covered, can you call me a **TAXI**, please? I have to go to Hercule’s office, ASAP!”

“Mr. Stilton, it’s the *Spring Festival*—all of the streets are **blocked off**. The whole city is traffic-free today! You won’t be able to find a taxi in all of New Mouse City!”

Toasted cheese sandwiches! I had completely **forgotten**! My heart sank and I turned as white as a slice of **MOZZARELLA CHEESE**. I was never going to be able to do everything on my list now. There simply won't be enough time!

Mousella's face suddenly brightened. "I have a great idea! Why don't you rent a bike instead? There's a bike-share kiosk just around the corner."

"That is a great **idea**!"

I said, very relieved.

"You just need one thing first," Mousella said.

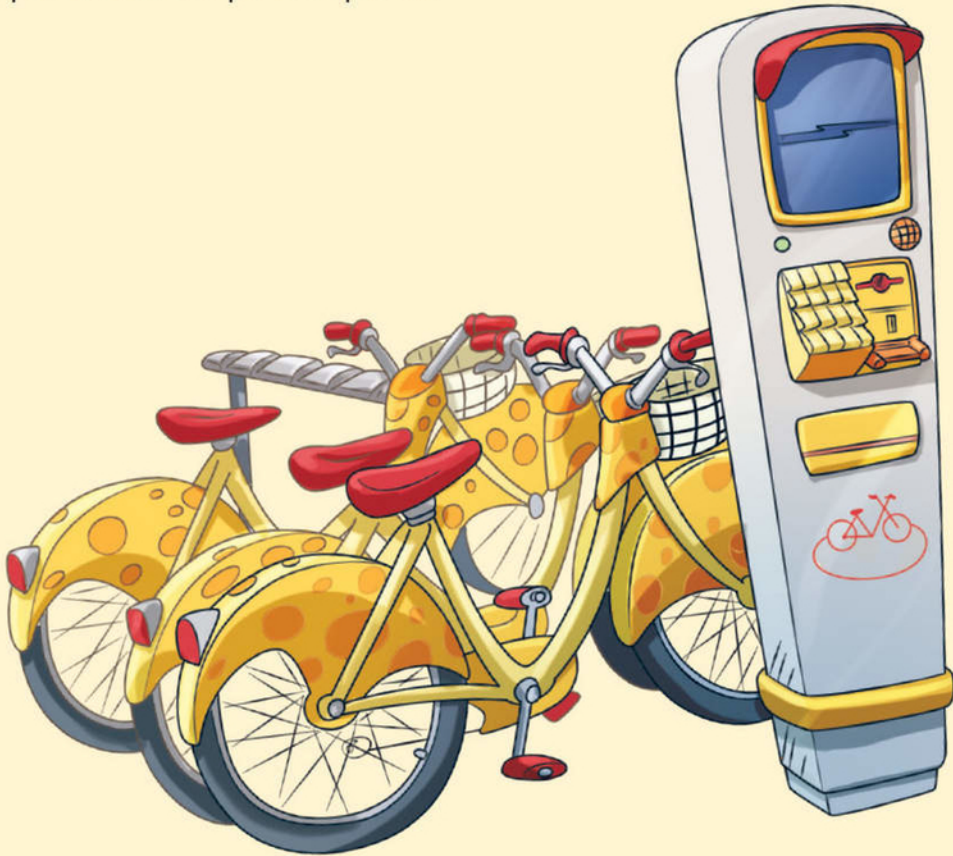
She ran back to my office and returned with my helmet.

"Have a great bike ride, Mr. Stilton!" she cried.



BIKE SHARING

Bike-sharing services provide bicycles for people to rent. This encourages people to drive less, which can help decrease traffic congestion and air pollution. In New Mouse City, the bike stations are located in every neighborhood, close to public transportation stops and parks.





ONE LAZY MOUSE

Just as Mousella had said, there was a bike-share **station** right next to the **Rodent's Gazette** office. A row of bicycles stood lined up next to what looked like an ATM.

I jiggled a bike, but it seemed to be locked into the kiosk. “Now how do I rent one?” I wondered out loud.

“Insert your **credit card** in the slot!” a funny voice called out.

“Oh, thank you,” I said, **turning around**. I stopped in surprise. There was no one there! “Hello?” I tried.

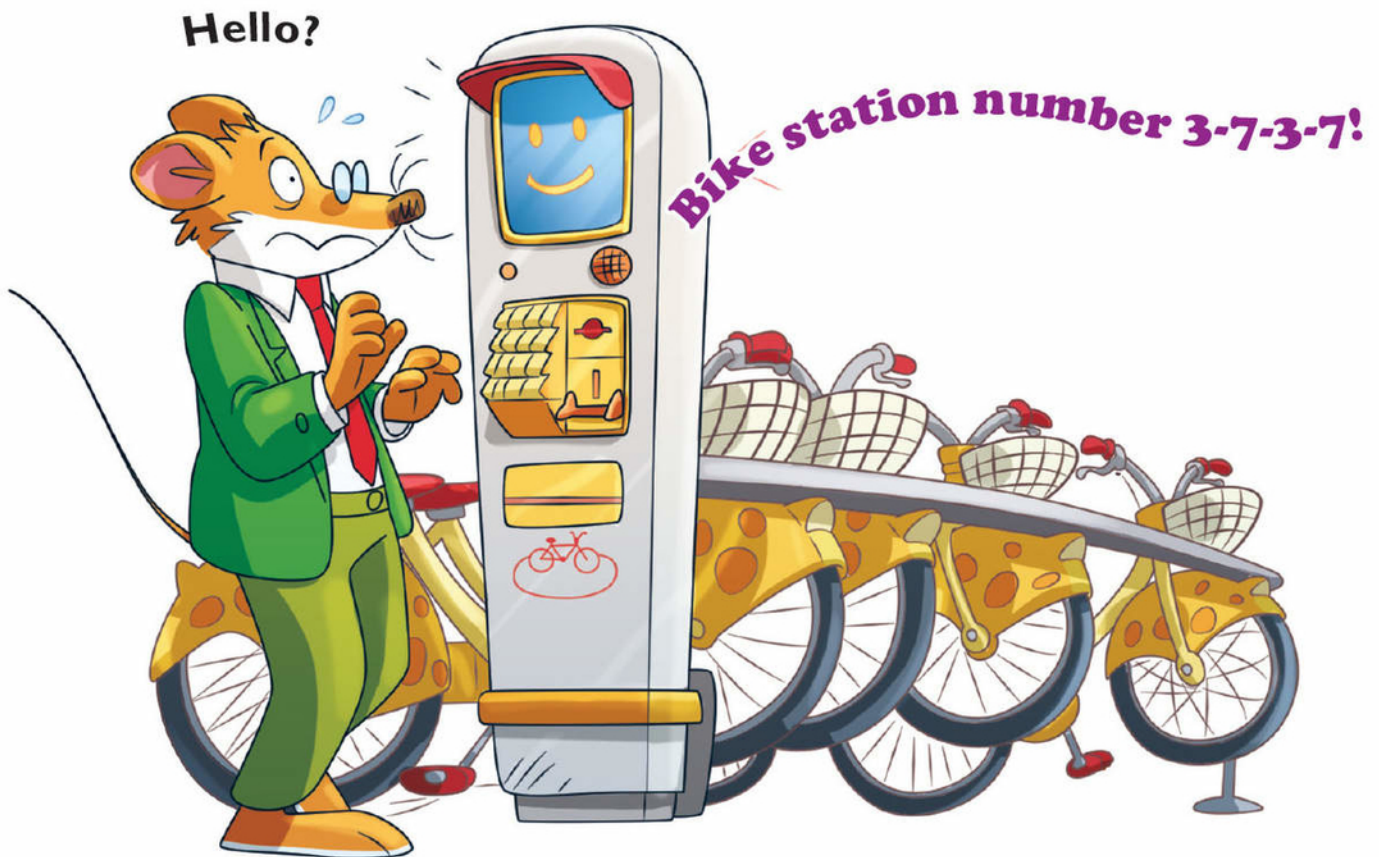
The **funny voice** spoke again. “Insert your credit card!”

I still couldn't see a single rodent! How

was that possible?

“**BIKE** station number three-seven-three-seven! Insert your card!” the voice demanded.

I slapped my forehead. I was a very *silly* mouse—the voice was coming from inside the thing that looked like an ATM!



This was how I rented a **bike**! I inserted my credit card in the slot.

The metallic-sounding voice started up again. “Thanks for choosing New Mouse City Bike Share. Bike sharing helps lower city **traffic** and **pollution** and promotes a healthy, active lifestyle. Please enter your **name**.”

I typed my name into the keypad and waited for more instructions. Soon, a list of biker-achievement levels popped up on the screen.

“Geronimo Stilton!” the computer **chimed**. “Welcome. Your biker level is **Lazy Biker**!”

“How dare you!” I cried.

I didn’t want to be labeled a “Lazy Biker” even if it was my first time. I tapped on the keypad. “How do I **GO UP** one level?” I



wondered out loud. Hopeless seemed a **little** better, at least!

The computer beeped. “To increase your level, please activate a ten-year membership, payable in full, immediately.”

“Yes, yes, that’s fine as long as you release a bicycle!” I tapped the necessary keys.

“Membership now active!”

the computer cheered. “Congratulations, Geronimo Stilton, you are the first one to buy the **SUPER-MEGA-DELUXE** membership!”

Then the kiosk ejected my credit card and . . . a **very long** receipt!



The super-mega-deluxe membership was **EXPENSIVE**! I tried not to think of all the cheese I could have bought with that money. I put on my **HELMET**, picked out a **bike**, and started **pedaling** as fast as I could!





AN EGGNAPPING!

I **biked** and **biked** and **biked** until I felt like melted mozzarella. I hadn't realized I was so **out of shape**! This day had barely started and I already needed a nap.

After what seemed like forever, Hercule's office finally came into view. He worked just outside New Mouse City's **PORT**.





I turned left and took a **deep** inhale. But instead of a lungful of fresh, salty air, I breathed in something much yummier. Holey cheese, it was one of my favorite **desserts**, cheddar vanilla scones! Maybe I should follow that smell . . .

But just then my cell phone **rang** and I almost tipped my bike over in **SURPRISE**. I pedaled to the side of the road and answered the call.

Hercule's voice boomed out at me. "What's taking you so long, Geronimo? I'm here waiting for you! And I need your **H E L P**!"

"Be there soon!" I squeaked.

Not far away, I spotted a bike station just like the one near my office. I quickly placed the bike in the rack. I could check out another bike after I visited Hercule. Then I



hastily smoothed down my fur and headed to Hercule's office.

I **KNOCKED** and waited to be let in.

"Password please!" a voice called through the door.

"Come on, Hercule, it's **ME!**" I said.

"Me who?" the voice asked.

"Geronimo Stilton! You asked me to come!"

The door opened and **HERCULE** looked annoyed. "You should have said it was you right away. We have no time to lose on **SILLY** games!"

He waved me in and closed the door firmly behind me.

As usual, Hercule's office was a total **mess**. How did he find anything in here?

Just the sight of so many piles of stuff made me **itchy** all over. I scratched my elbow and



looked for a place to sit. An old armchair seemed like the best bet, but it obviously hadn't been cleaned in a very long time. It smelled worse than a **MOLDY WHEEL OF BRIE**.



I took a step forward to investigate further, but my paw landed on something **slippery** and went right out from under me!

WHOOSH!!



Help!

whoosh!



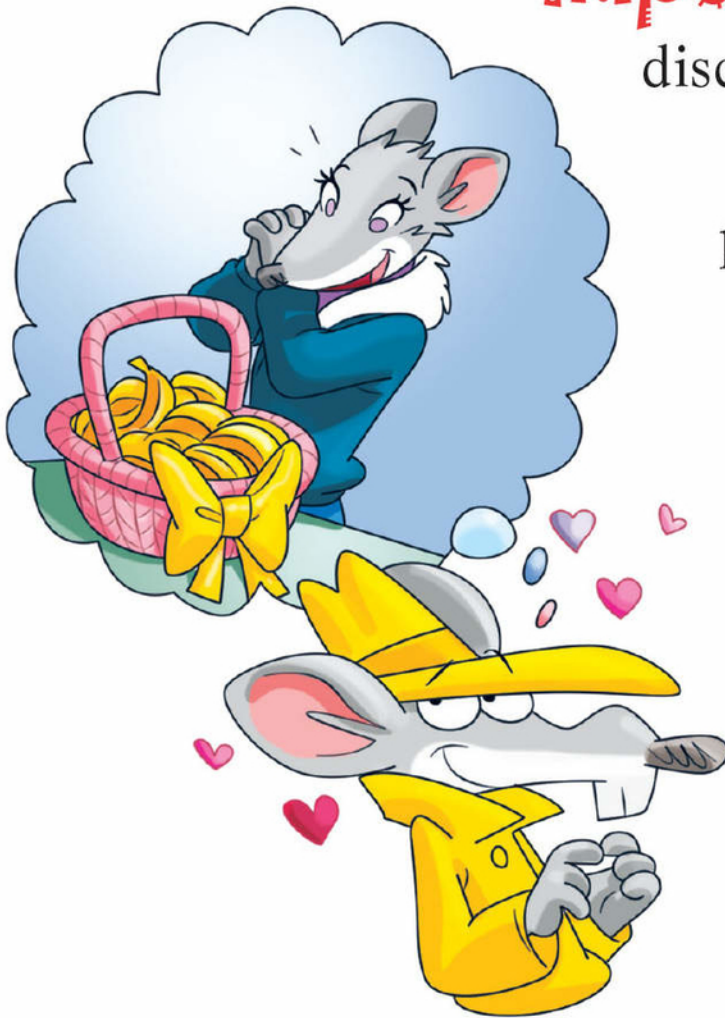
Ha, ha, ha!



I went tail over ears and landed in a heap in front of Hercule's desk.

"Hercule, this office could really use a **DEEP CLEAN**, don't you think?" I asked.

My friend shook his snout. "No time for that, my friend! We've got more **important** things to discuss."



"Sure," I muttered, picking myself up and removing a **banana peel**

from under my paw. "What's the urgent matter that you needed my **help** with?"

"I'm glad you asked!" Hercule



SQUEAKED. “Did you see your sister, **THEA**, yesterday? Did she say anything about me? I sent her a basket of homegrown bananas.”

Cheese niblets! “Are you telling me that I biked all the way out here just so you could ask me about Thea?!”

Hercule looked offended. “I just wanted to know if she mentioned me. Those bananas are not so easy to grow. It’s an entire tree!”

I put my snout in my paws. “No, she didn’t. And if that’s all you needed to talk about, I really should be going.” I turned to leave.

“Well, I guess that means you don’t want to help me find the world famous *Mousebergé Egg!*”

I stopped in my tracks. “The Mousebergé Egg? Isn’t it at the mouseum? It’s the main highlight of the **egg exhibit**, which opens



tonight. The unveiling is the most important event of this year's *Spring Festival*. I'm supposed to write an article about it!"

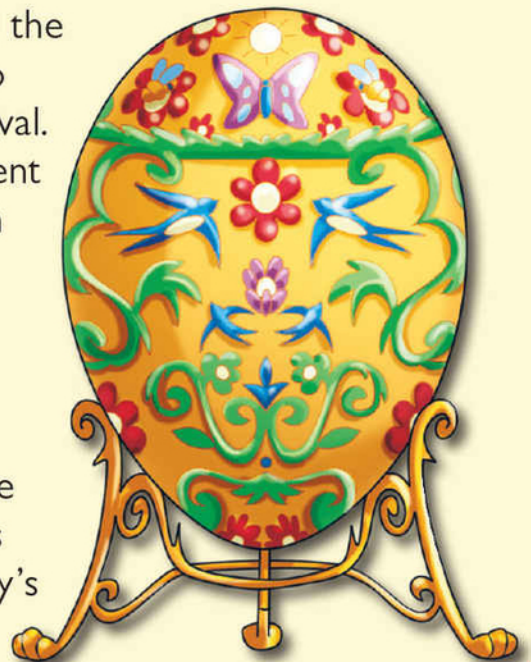
"It's been **eggnapped**!" Hercule exclaimed. "We have to find it before the exhibit opens tonight — or the whole *Spring Festival* will be ruined!"

Rancid ricotta! The egg has been

MOUSEBERGÉ EGG

Mousebergé is one of the most famous jewelers of all time. He traveled the world to learn all the best techniques. One of his trips took him to New Mouse City during the first Spring Festival. When he received a chocolate egg as a present from a young mouselet, he decided to return the kindness with a very special egg. It was crafted from solid gold and decorated with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds.

He had so much fun creating this egg that legend has it he made seven more exactly like it. But now only one of these amazing eggs is left: the first, created during New Mouse City's original Spring Festival!





stolen? This is a **cat-astrophe!**” I pulled at my whiskers. “Why did you have me come all the way here? We should have met at the museum to save time.”

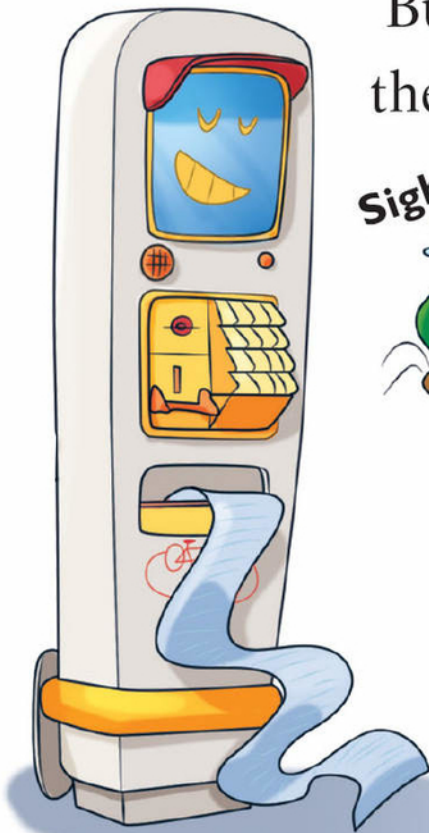
Hercule **shrugged**. “You are the one who said you would meet me here. You were in such a hurry to go that I didn’t have a chance to explain. Besides, today the **streets are BLOCKED OFF**, remember? I need a ride!”

SQUEEEAK!



BICYCLE BUILT FOR Two!

Hercule and I raced out to the bike-share station. Fortunately, they had several tandem bicycles that two **mice** could ride at the same time. Just what we **needed**!



But when I tried to unlock one of the **TANDEM** bicycles from the rack, the little voice from inside the kiosk stopped me.

“To rent a tandem bicycle, please **pay** the additional charge!” it chimed.

“What?” I cried.



“I just paid for a super-mega-deluxe membership!!! Isn’t everything included?”

“No! Please insert your credit card in the slot!”

CRUSTY CHEESE CURDS! I inserted my credit card again, paid another fee, and watched the kiosk spit out another **very long** receipt.

Finally, Hercule and I were on our way to the mouseum. With two of us pedaling, the trip should have been as easy as **cheesy pie!**

In no time, however, I was **EXHAUSTED**. At a traffic light, I turned to see if Hercule was as tired as I was. But I saw that he was reading the **NEWSPAPER!** His paws weren’t even touching the pedals!

“Hercule! What are you doing back there?”

“I have to conserve my energy for

MYSTERY solving, of course,” he said. “Oh, look, the light just turned **GREEN**. We better get going!”

I sighed and started pedaling **AGAIN**.

As soon as we reached the mouseum, I jammed on the brakes . . . and sprawled over the handlebars.

“Leave me here,” I panted. “**I’m as fried as a day-old mozzarella stick.**”



“Nonsense,” Hercule cried.
“**Look alive**, Geronimo,
here comes **Grant von**
Paintmouse, the museum
director.”

“Here you are, finally!
Follow me!” the frantic-
looking director said,
waving us forward.

I staggered to my paws
and returned the bicycle to
the nearest station. I leaned it against an
empty wall and hurried to catch up with
Hercule and the director.

As we entered the main hall, where the
egg exhibit had been set up, I looked around
curiously. “Wasn’t anyone guarding the
Mousebergé Egg?”

“Of course someone was,” Grant said.



Grant von Paintmouse



“But the **CHEDDARHEAD** fell asleep on the job! The thieves stole the egg right out from under his **whiskers**.”

We had reached the display case where the Mousebergé Egg had been. I could smell a strange, sweet **scent** in the air. It reminded me of something—but I couldn’t quite put my **PAW** on what it was.

The director pointed at where a perfect **oval** hole had been cut out of the glass. The oval still rested on the floor. Hercule pulled out his detective **MAGNIFYING GLASS** and looked over the scene of the crime **carefully**.

“Geronimo, take a **picture** of me with your **PHONE**,” Hercule said.

“Did you find a **clue** you need documented?” I asked eagerly.

“Nope, nothing yet! I just want Thea



Hercule!

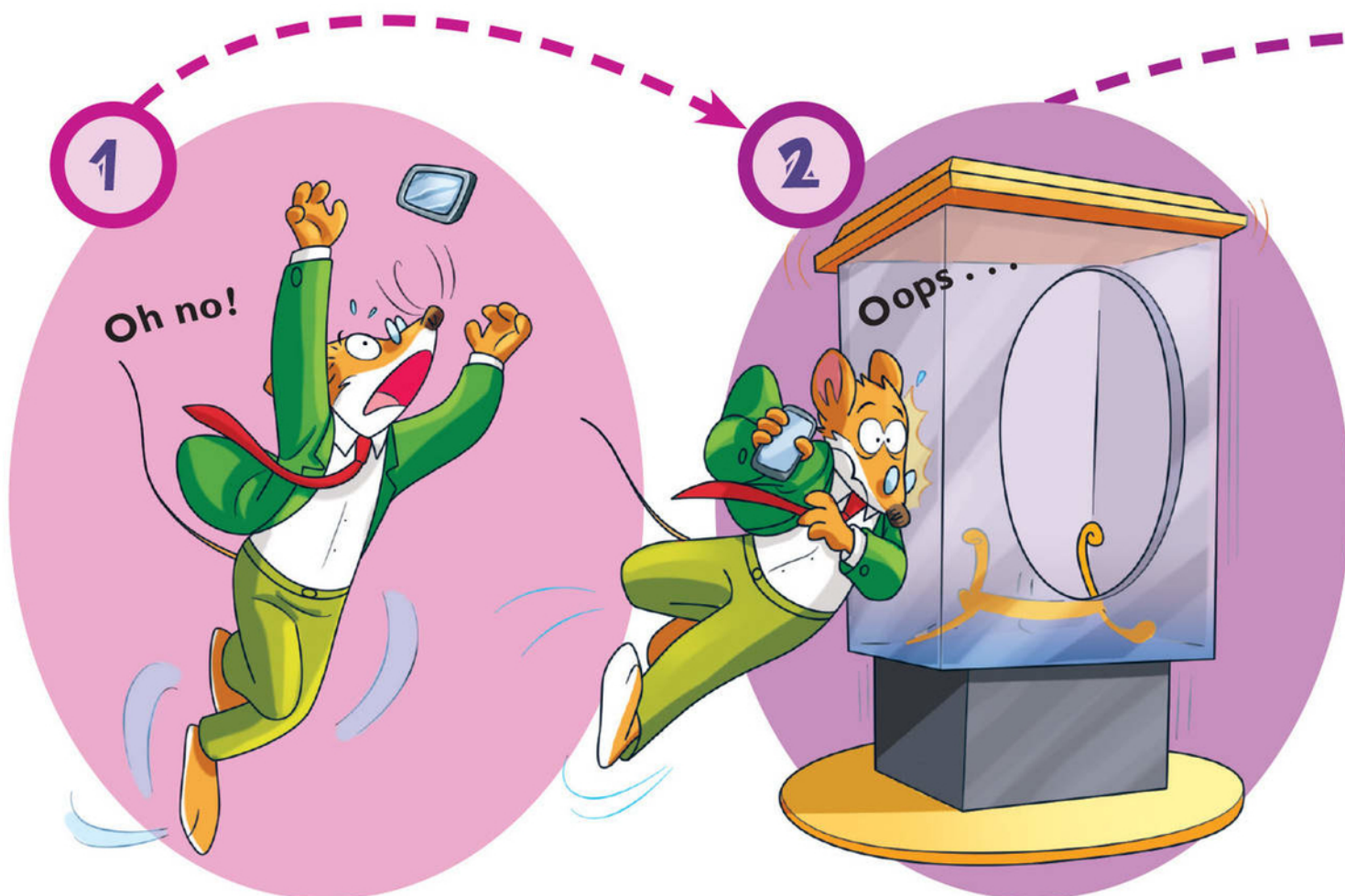
Take my picture!

What about the egg?!

to see how **handsome** I look when I'm investigating a case!"

Moldy mozzarella! "Hercule, is this really the right time for that? We have to find the missing egg!" I gestured to the empty display case.

But before I could say anything else, my **cell phone** flew out of my outstretched



paw. To catch it before it hit the ground,
1 I lunged forward, **2 BUMPED**
into the display case, and **3** smashed
my snout against the **MARBLE** stand!

“Yikes!” Are you okay?” the director
asked. “This display case is made with
a special material. It’s **unbreakable,**
indestructible, and crushproof.





Hercule shook his snout in disbelief. “But the **THIEF** was able to cut a hole right through it!”

The director rubbed his **whiskers**. “He must have used a **very pure** diamond, then! It’s the only thing that could even scratch this special material!”

“Hmmm,” Hercule said. “That’s our first **clue**, then!”

“And I just found our second one!” I cried from the ground. “Look!”

The two of them glanced down to see what I had found. I held up a long **BLOND** hair that had gotten caught at the base of the stand.





“**Cheesy toast crumbs!** Well done, Geronimo! Our thief has **LONG BLOND HAIR** and access to a very pure **DIAMOND**! We’ve practically got this thing solved!” Hercule cried.

“It’s a start, at least,” I said. “It’s not easy to get your paws on a very pure **diamond** . . . we need to talk to an expert!”

Just then my cell phone **RANG**.

Hercule’s eyes lit up like he’d just spotted a **cheese plate**. “Is that Thea? Tell her I say hello.”

I rolled my eyes. “It’s Creepella,” I said, before accepting the call. *“Hello, Creepella, how are you?”*

“Geronimo, where are you?” she shouted. **“ARE YOU COMING TO THE EGG HUNT?”**

“I’m busy now. I need to find a diamond expert for a top secret project,” I said.



Creepella is Geronimo's friend.
She has expensive taste!

Creepella **squeaked**.

“Oh, Geronimo, you don’t have to be secretive—I can tell you’re looking for a birthday gift for me!”

I gulped. “No, Creepella, that’s not it at all. It’s for something else . . .
SOMETHING SECRET . . .”

“Whatever you say, Geronimo,” Creepella said. “For this **secret matter**, you should visit the best jewelry store in town, Mousetacular Jewels. Talk to **Monsieur von Gold**. He is the best—he’ll

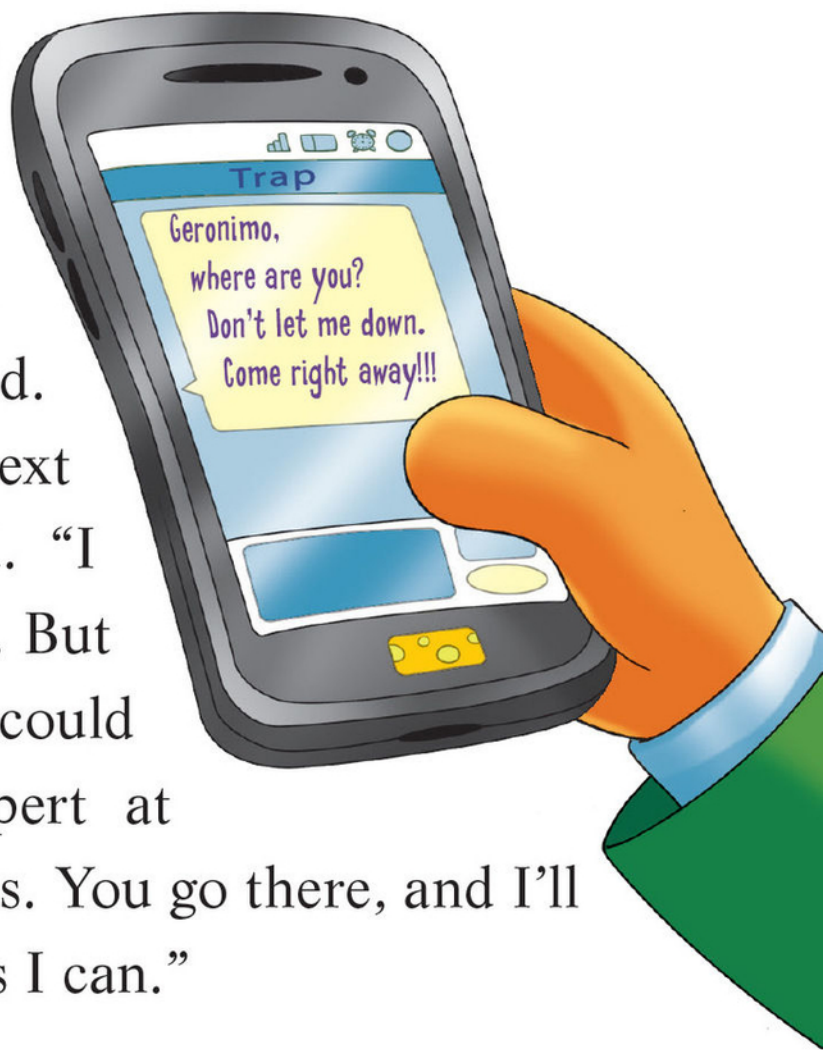
know just what I'll like."

I groaned. "Sorry, Creepella, I think we have a bad phone connection—gotta go!"

I turned back to Hercule. But before I could say anything, my phone **beeped** again.

"Maybe this is Thea!" Hercule cried.

"It's just a text from Trap," I said. "I have to go see him. But Creepella said we could find a jewelry expert at Mousetacular Jewels. You go there, and I'll meet you as soon as I can."





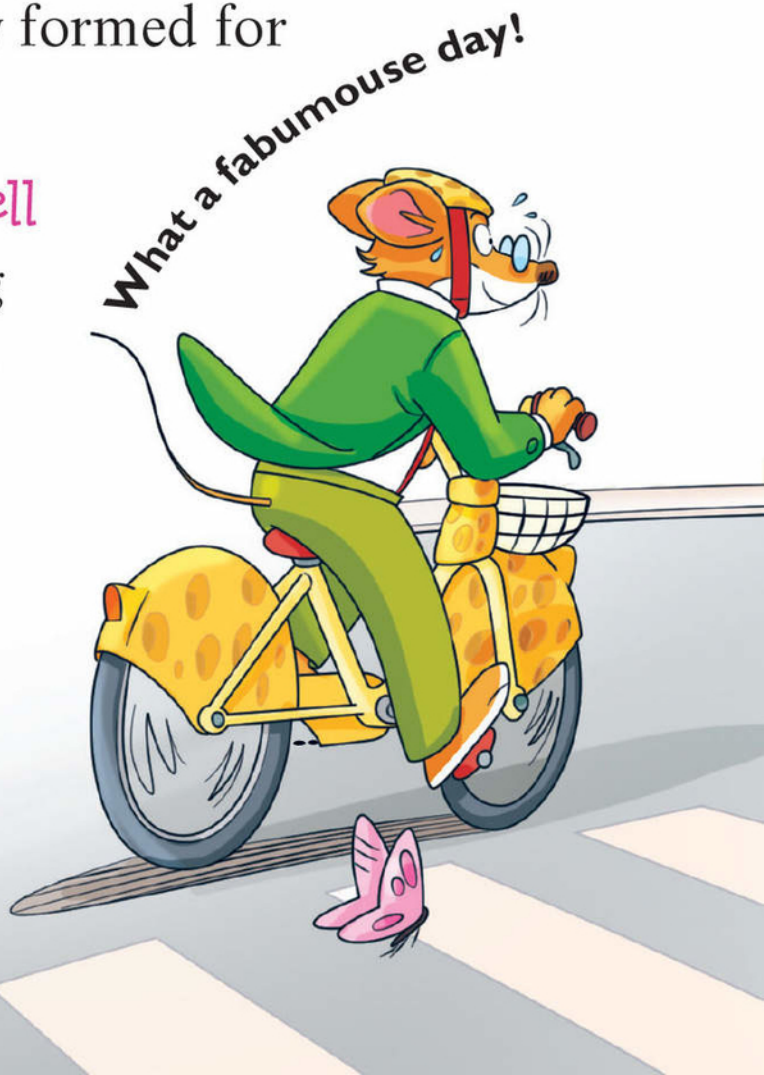
TASTE TEST

I grabbed my **helmet** and hopped on a new bike and started pedaling my way to Trap.

The city streets were **crowded** by now. Families strolled along enjoying **ICE CREAM** and flying kites. A long line of mouselets had already formed for the egg hunt.

Suddenly, my **cell phone** started beeping again. I tried to ignore it so I could focus on biking, but it kept ringing! Who could it be now?

I pulled over to the





What a great festival!

I love spring!



side of the road to take a look. I had several urgent messages from my reporters about their *Spring Festival* articles. I was in a hurry, but I couldn't help myself, I replied to all of them.

With that taken care of, I started pedaling furiously again. I **PROMISED** Trap I would help him—I couldn't let him down!



When I arrived at the *Grand Hotel*, my lower paws hurt because of all the biking, and my upper paws hurt because of all the **typing**!

How was I going to be able to help both Trap and Hercule at the same time,

especially with **sore** paws?

Wearily, I stowed my bike at the bike-share station outside the hotel. I would just have to explain to Trap that I was in no shape to be his **taster**.

Inside the hotel, I headed down to the kitchen, where Trap was working. I had barely gotten through the kitchen doors when Trap pounced on me and shoved a **chocolate** bar under my snout.

“You’re here! Quick, try this **super-spicy** chocolate I made! I think it’s perfect for my chocolate egg.” I took a small bite, but Trap didn’t wait for my reaction.

“Maybe I should use this lemon chocolate, instead? Or the **garlic** chocolate!” Trap kept forcing me to taste **crazier** and **crazier** flavors of chocolate until, finally, I couldn’t eat another bite!

THE TASTE TEST

FLAVOR #1

Spicy chocolate ...
VERY SURPRISING!



FLAVOR #3

Snail-drool chocolate ...
GROSS!



FLAVOR #2

Garlic chocolate ...
MADE ME DIZZY!



FLAVOR #10

Eggplant chocolate ...
TERRIBLE!



FLAVOR #9

Plum chocolate ...
TOO SWEET!



FLAVOR #4

Almond chocolate ...
ALMOST BROKE A TOOTH!



FLAVOR #5

Cheesy chocolate ...
TOO STICKY!



FLAVOR #8

Lettuce chocolate ...
GAVE ME A HEADACHE!



FLAVOR #6

Carrot chocolate ...
DISGUSTING!



FLAVOR #7

Lemon chocolate ...
TOO SOUR!



“Which one did you like best, Geronimo? The **GARLIC**? **LETTUCE**? Or maybe the **LEMON**?”

But my mouth was still **Full** of chocolate and I felt slightly **Sick** to my stomach. I feebly waved my paw at him.



“Oh, I see,” Trap cried. “They were all so amaze-mouse that you’re speechless! That’s **mouserific**—I will use all ten flavors in my egg!”

I put my snout in my paws. That was going to be one **strange** egg!

Trap looked around at his workstation. “Hmm, I seem to be out of almonds,” he said.

“I’ll go get some for you,” I said. This was my opportunity to get back to **HERCULE**.

Before Trap could disagree, I **DASHED** back out of the kitchen. There was no time to lose!

Trap's chocolate **churned** in my stomach as I pedaled. I hoped that he wouldn't come up with any more **WEIRD** flavors while I was gone.



A FABUMOUSE RING

In no time, I screeched to a halt outside Mousetacular Jewels. Hercule was there waiting for me.

“**Geronimo!** What took you so long? Let’s go inside!”

I stashed my bike outside the shop and we stepped through the front doors. I was immediately blinded by the **incredimouse** sparkle of *thousands of jewels*.

A sales-mouselet scurried up and handed me a pair of **SUNGLASSES**. “These will protect your eyes while you admire our **mousetacular** jewelry!” he said.

The sales-mouselet went back to his post, and a very **elegantly** dressed mouse approached us.



“Welcome! I am **Monsieur von Gold**. You must be Mr. Stilton. Ms. von Cacklefur already called me. I know just what you’re looking for!”

“Actually . . . there’s something else you could **HELP** me with first,” I said. “By any chance have you recently sold an extremely pure **DIAMOND** to a mouselet with long **blond** hair?”

Monsieur von Gold shook his snout. “No, not to a blond mouselet. However, yesterday a mouselet with **very short** dark



hair asked to look at the purest **diamond** ring we had for sale.”

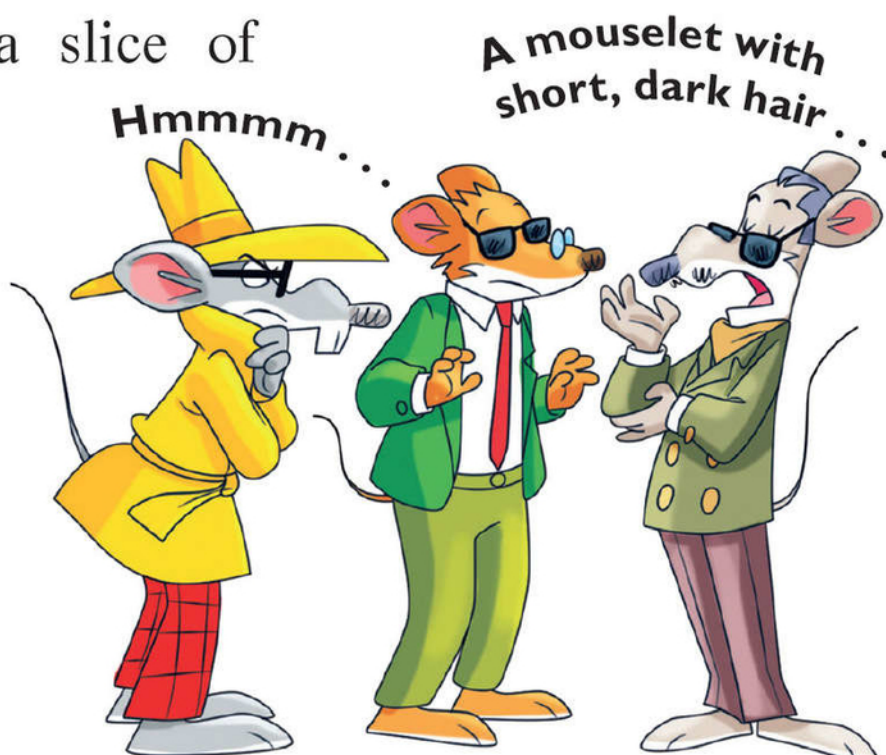
HERCULE leaned in eagerly. “Did she buy it?”

“No, she didn’t,” he said. “I can show it to you now. In fact, it would make the perfect birthday present—I’m sure Ms. von Cacklefur would **love** it!”

I gulped and we followed **Monsieur von Gold** over to the counter where the **special** jewel was kept.

Monsieur von Gold opened the **LITTLE** box containing the diamond **RING**, and turned whiter than a slice of mozzarella cheese!

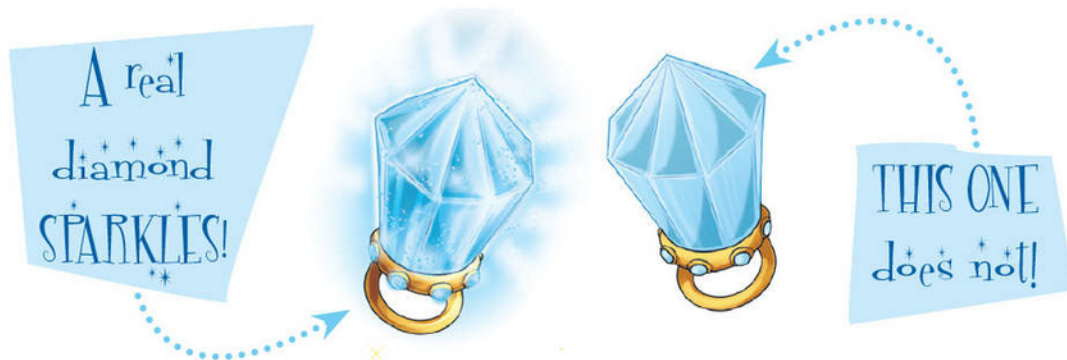
“Nooo!”
he cried.
“This . . .
this is not





Is this the purest
diamond you have?

Yes, madam!



the real **diamond**! It does not sparkle!
IT'S . . . IT'S . . . IT'S AN ORDINARY PIECE OF GLASS!"

Hercule and I exchanged a knowing glance.

"The mouse with the short **HAIR** must have swapped the **diamonds** when you showed the **RING** to her," I said.

"And then she used it to cut through the glass case at the mouseum and steal the **MOUSEBERGÉ EGG**!" Hercule added. He stroked his whiskers thoughtfully.

"Do you remember anything else about that **MOUSELET**?" I asked.

Monsieur von Gold **collapsed** into a nearby chair. "She asked me if there was a pharmacy



close by. I told her there was one in the organic grocery store around the corner.” He paused. “I also remember that she was wearing a very expensive-smelling **perfume**.”

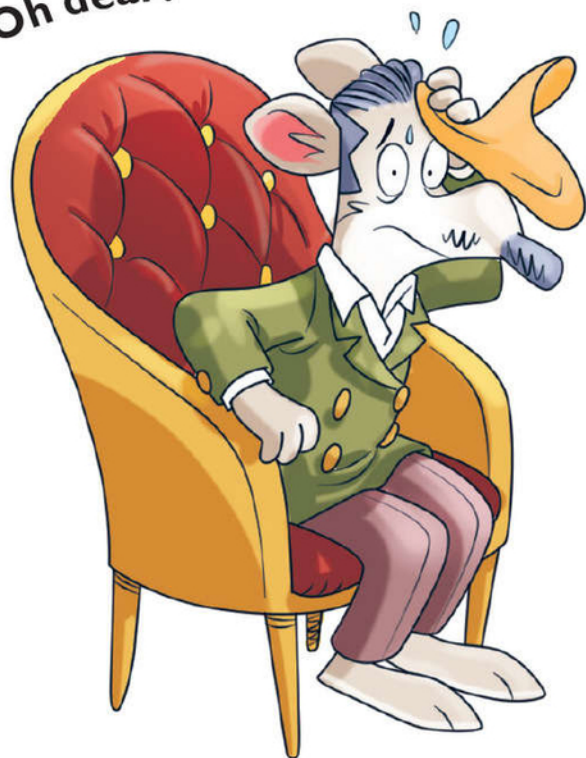
“**Perfume?**” I repeated.

“Yes, it was some kind of *cheddar-vanilla* fragrance,” Mousieur von Gold said.

His description **reminded** me of something . . . but I wasn’t sure what it was.

Hercule had heard enough.

Oh dear!



“Let’s go check out that organic grocery store, Geronimo,” he said.

We thanked **Mousieur von Gold**, returned our **SUNGLASSES**, and headed out the door.

THE SCENT OF CHEDDAR VANILLA

As we walked to the organic grocery store at the end of the block, my phone beeped again. A newspaper editor's job is **never** done! I tapped a few responses to reporters' questions.



I was so absorbed in my phone that I wasn't paying much attention to where I was walking.

BAM!

I bumped right into the grocery store's front door!

CRASH!

I fell snoutfirst onto the ground. My head spun.



Hercule laughed. “You can be so *absentminded*, Geronimo! You’re going to have a big bump on your *snout* tomorrow.”

He helped me up and we stepped into the store.

Luckily, there were no customers, so we were able to ask the manager mouse a few questions.

“Have you seen an *elegant* mouse with short dark hair recently?” I asked.

Have you seen an elegant mouse
with short dark hair?

Hmm, no.



“Hmm, no!” The manager mouse said.

“What about a *mouselet* with long blond **HAIR**?” Hercule asked.

“Nope, I don’t remember a mouselet like that, either.”

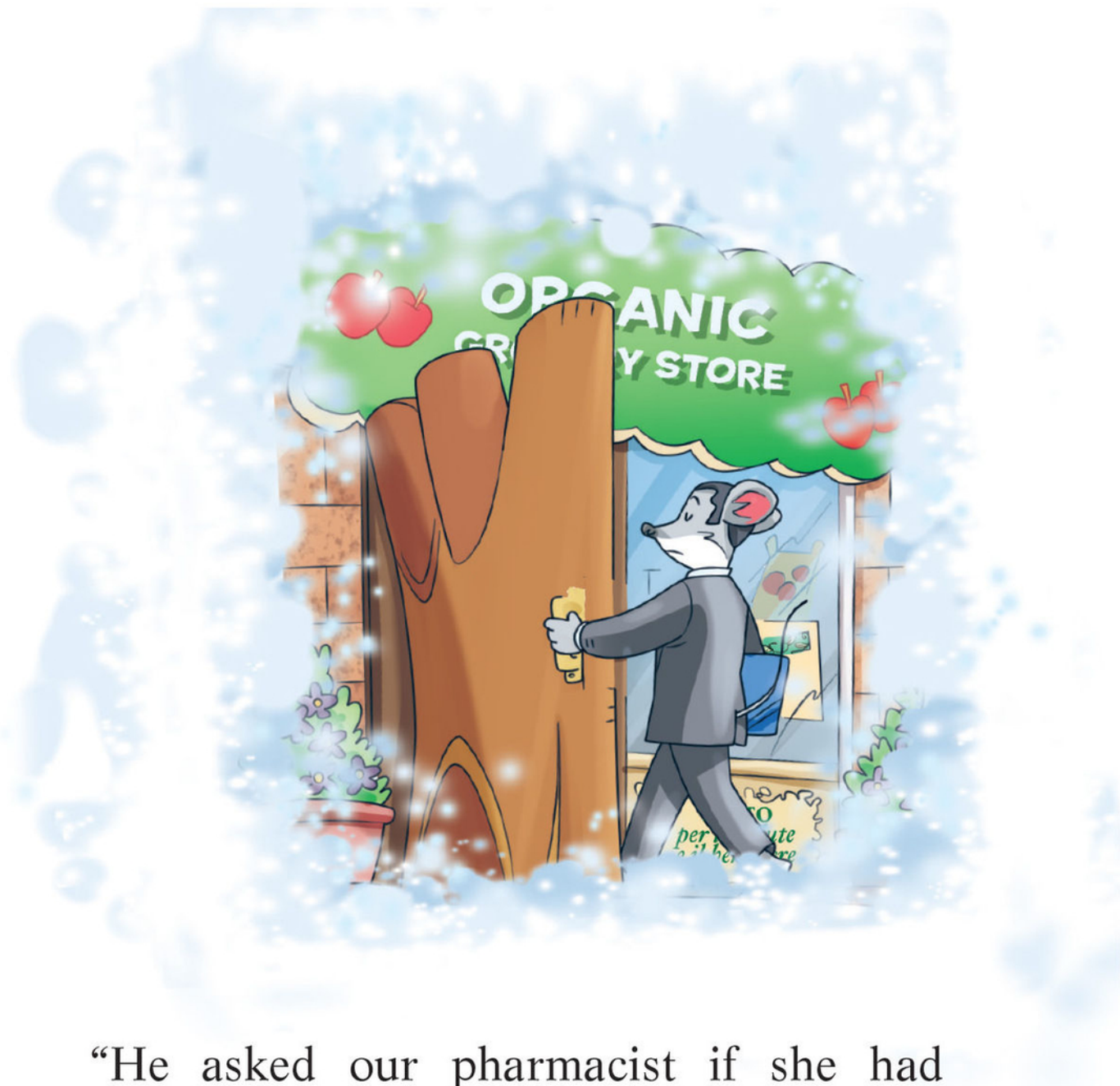
I could tell Hercule felt as *discouraged* as I did. Was this a **dead end**?

“Well, have you seen any unusual mice at all in the last few days?” Hercule continued.

The manager mouse stroked his whiskers. “Well, yesterday a very **well-dressed** ratlet carrying a briefcase came by. He was wearing a **S T R O N G** cologne. The whole store smelled like cheddar-vanilla biscuits for hours after he left!”

“Cheddar vanilla?” I squeaked. “Just like at the jewelry store!”

Hercule nodded. “What did the **ratlet** want?” he asked.



“He asked our pharmacist if she had anything that would be good for his **insomnia**. She showed him some things, and he bought everything she suggested. He definitely seemed a little **strange**.”

“Wait!” I squeaked, grabbing Hercule’s arm. “Maybe that’s why the mouseum

guard slept through the **heist**! “Our thieves slipped him a **sleeping pill**!”

“You must be **right**!” Hercule agreed. “Let’s head back to the mouseum.”

But then I remembered the **PROMISE** I’d made to Trap. “First I have to buy **ALMONDS** for my cousin,” I said. “You go to the mouseum, and I’ll take care of the nuts.” I grabbed a one-pound bag of **ALMONDS** from a nearby display and paid the manager mouse as Hercule dashed outside.

Then it was back to the Grand Hotel for me!



TRAP STILTON, SUPER CHEF

Twenty minutes — *and another long bike ride!* — later I was back in the New Mouse City **GRAND HOTEL** kitchen with Trap.

“Thank Gouda you’re back. What took you so **long**?”

I sighed. “I am sorry, Trap. It’s a **LONG** story. But here are your **ALMONDS**.” I turned to go. “So, if that’s all you need —”

“Of course not!” Trap interrupted, wrapping me in an **apron**.

“We have a **chocolate** egg to bake!”



“B-b-but aren’t we done with the **TASTINGS**?” I stammered.

“Yes, but now I need a baking assistant!” Trap cried.

Before I could squeak out any objections, Trap popped a **CHEF’S** hat on my head. It was so big, I couldn’t see the **whiskers** on the front of my **snout**.

Then Trap handed me an enormous **recipe** book called *Eggcellent Eggs*.

“Come on, Cousin, we have a **first-prize-winning** chocolate egg to make!”

The book was so heavy I dropped it on the floor! I heaved it off the ground and started to flip through it. I gasped.



“Trap, this book is full of recipes that *use* **eggs** . . . it’s not for *making* chocolate eggs! Look, there’s a section on **chicken** eggs, one on **quail** eggs, **duck** eggs . . .” I trailed off.

My cousin turned as white as a slice of mozzarella cheese: “**OH NO!** What am I going to do now?” He pulled at the fur on his head.

This was a disaster. I needed to meet Hercule at the mouseum, but Trap was in **BIG TROUBLE!**

“It might be time to call in a master **baker**,” I suggested.

But my cousin just shook his head. “I’m Trap Stilton. I have a **baking column** in the





Rodent's Gazette! We can figure this out by ourselves. It will be as easy as cheesy pie!”

I could see that there was no getting out of Trap's **kitchen**. I tightened the straps on my apron. The **faster** we got to work, the **faster** I could get back to Hercule!

So we got to work . . . and to guessing at the recipe!

Squeak, it was not easy at all!

We tried a few different recipes:

The first chocolate egg leaned to the left.

The second one leaned to the right.

The third one was flat on top.

The fourth one was flat on the bottom.

The fifth one had strange spots.

The sixth one had holes like Swiss cheese.

Finally, the seventh one was . . . okay.

By the end of it, we were covered in

chocolate from snout to tail! But we had successfully made an **ENORMOUSE** chocolate egg! Well, sort of successfully . . . It looked a little lumpy.

But Trap seemed happy. “**What a masterpiece!**” he cried.



**THE FIRST CHOCOLATE EGG
LEANED TO THE LEFT.**



**THE THIRD ONE
WAS FLAT ON TOP.**



**THE SECOND ONE
LEANED TO THE RIGHT.**



**THE FOURTH ONE
WAS FLAT ON THE BOTTOM.**

Trap wrapped the egg with golden paper, decorated it with a **BIG BOW**, and sighed happily. “All done! Can you be a **FABUMOUSE** cousin and take it to the judging panel in the town square? I’ll get everything *cleaned* up here.”





It's perfect!

Hmmm...

“Sure, Trap,” I said. The town square was near the mouseum, so I wouldn’t lose much more time. I carefully picked up the **CHOCOLATE** egg and waved good-bye to Trap.



THE MYSTERIOUS MOUSELET

Back at my bike, I had an **unpleasant** surprise: the egg did not fit in the bike basket! I'd have to rent a trailer from the bike-share station. This bike thing was getting **EXPENSIVE!**

Once I rented the trailer and attached it to my **BIKE**, I started pedaling as **fast** as I could to the mouseum.

Once I arrived, Hercule met me out front with the guard who had been given the sleeping pill.

"The **GUARD** has remembered that



right before falling asleep, a mouselet with red hair from the food stand across the street offered him a **CHEESY** milkshake.”

“I couldn’t resist!” the guard said. “It smelled like **CHEDDAR VANILLA**—my favorite!

“That scent again!” I cried. “But how could there be so many suspicious mice that smelled the same?”

(1) A **BLOND-HAIRED** mouse at the museum.

(2) A **DARK-HAIRED** rodent at the jewelry store.

(3) A **RED-HAIRED**



mouselet with the guard!

“Don’t forget the fourth—**(4)** the **ratlet** who bought the sleeping medicine at the **ORGANIC STORE** smelled like **cheddar vanilla**, too!”

“What in the name of **stinky Gorgonzola** does it all mean?” I wondered. Just then I caught a glimpse of the time on my





phone. “Squeak!” I cried. “I have to go! I **P R O M I S E D** Trap I would drop off his entry for the baking competition!”

“All right,” Geronimo,” Hercule said. “I have an errand of my own to run—I’m dropping off these *flowers* for Thea!” He pulled an enormous **BOUQUET** of *yellow* roses out from behind his back. “See you at my office in half an hour!”

I **ROLLED** my eyes and hopped back on my bike. How did he have time for **FLOWERS** when we were so close to **CRACKING** the case!



FISH BONES AND ROTTEN EGGS

Once I got on my bike, I decided to head to Hercule's office **first**. I could drop off my bike there and walk Trap's **egg** to the judging station. I decided that would be **FASTER**, since by now the streets in the center of town were probably **clogged** with Spring Festival-going rodents.

Holey Swiss cheese, we were running out of time to find the Mousebergé Egg! The exhibition opening—and the whole Spring Festival—would be a **disaster** without it! I was so lost in thought about the egg that I hadn't noticed how **fast** I was going. Buildings **whipped** past me at an ever-increasing speed. **I had to slow down!**



I pumped the brakes—but nothing happened!

Squeak!

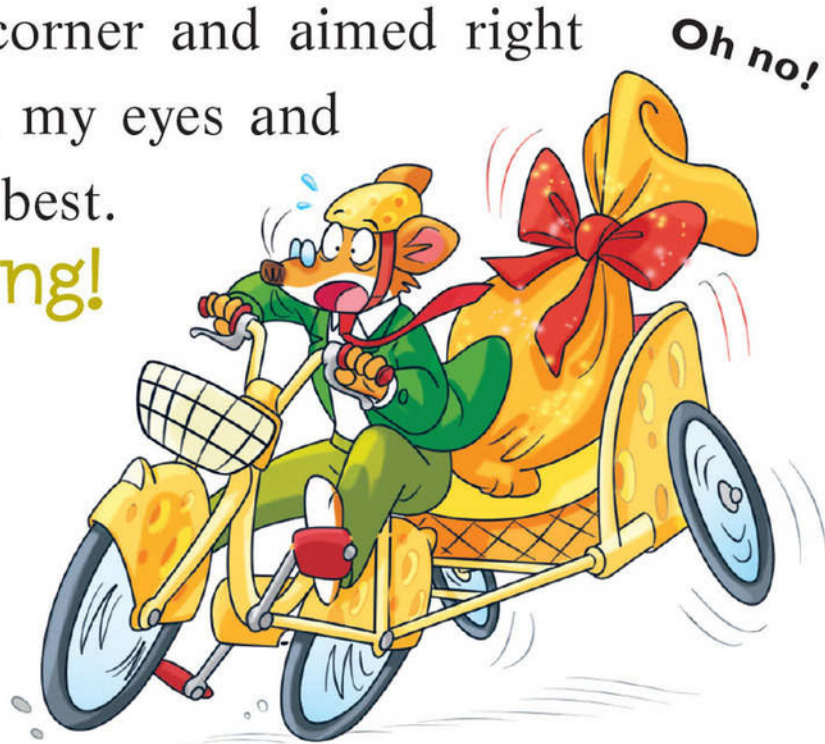
The trailer on the back of the bike started to careen back and forth, making it hard to steer. I had to **SLOW** the bike down somehow or I would end up **splattered** like a dropped cheese frittata, along with Trap's precious **chocolate** egg!

There was only one thing to do. I'd have to steer off the road now, before I picked up any more **speed**! I spied a garbage bin on a nearby corner and aimed right at it. I closed my eyes and hoped for the best.

Baaaaaang!

Gross!

I flew off my bike and





landed right inside! It was a good thing I had my helmet on . . . although it didn't protect me from the **garbage SMELL**.

Yuck!

When I got out of the trash, however, I smelled something mousetastic—**CHEDDAR VANILLA!**

I took my **cell phone** out to call Hercule but . . . the battery was dead! There was only one thing left to do . . . follow the **trail** of the scent on my own!





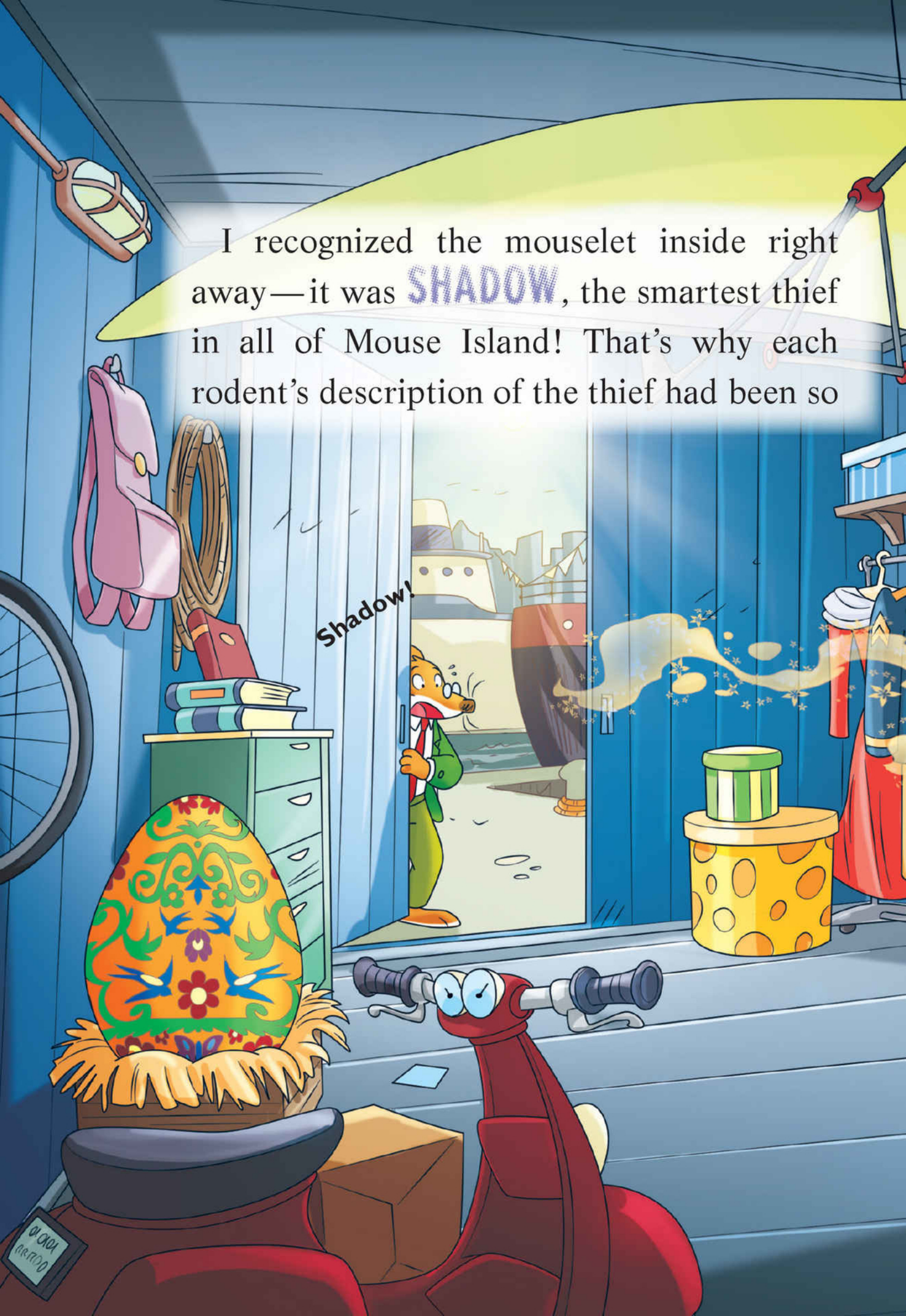
Even though the bike had been ruined in the **CRASH**, Trap's egg was miraculously unharmed. I sighed in **relief** and hoisted it onto my shoulders.

I followed the delicious scent of **cheddar vanilla** all the way to the docks. It seemed like the **fabumouse** smell was coming from inside a big **blue** shipping container. Quiet as a mouse, I crept close enough to peer inside.

I couldn't believe my eyes!



I recognized the mouselet inside right away—it was **SHADOW**, the smartest thief in all of Mouse Island! That's why each rodent's description of the thief had been so



Shadow!





different, except for the smell of cheddar-vanilla perfume! The blond mouselet, the dark-haired mouselet, the red-haired mouselet, the ratlet with the briefcase—they had all been Shadow in disguise!

I had to do something right away . . . but what? Then suddenly . . .

HONK! HONK! HOONNK!

A departing ship's horn startled me. I jumped, hitting my snout against the *edge* of the metallic wall. **BANG!**

Shadow turned around and saw me in the doorway. "Geronimo Stilton? Is that you?"

I rubbed my **SORE** snout. "Hands up, Shadow! You are under arrest!"

Shadow burst out **laughing**. "You can't stop me, Stilton. As soon as they load this container on my ship, I will be safely headed to the South Seas! And the *Spring*



Festival will be ruined!”

Was this all about the festival and not just the priceless Mousebergé Egg? “Why would you want to **RUIN** the Spring Festival?” I asked.

“The *Spring Festival* is a **SILLY** tradition,” she cried, her eyes flashing. “No one ever gives me a chocolate egg. It isn’t fair.” She paused and an **evil** grin spread across her snout. “If I can’t enjoy the Spring Festival, then no one can!”

I shook my head in **DISBELIEF**.

“That’s why I’m stealing the Mousebergé Egg. It’s more beautiful than any chocolate egg, and taking it will ruin everyone else’s **fun**, too!”

This was a cat-astrophe!





But suddenly I had an idea.

“Here,” I said, handing her Trap’s **CHOCOLATE** egg. “I would like you to have this chocolate egg. It might not be the most beautiful or the best-tasting **chocolate** egg in the world, but Trap and I baked it **together**.”

Shadow looked suspicious. “**Why are you giving it to me?**”





“Because I believe every rodent deserves a **second chance** . . . and a Spring Festival chocolate egg! Come to the **MOUSEUM** with me. You could return the Mousebergé Egg yourself and see how **cheddariffic** the *festival* can be!”

Shadow took the chocolate egg. I could see that she was considering my suggestion.

Suddenly, the shipping container **moved** and everything around us started **shaking**! I staggered to the door and looked out to see the ground speeding away from us.

“The crane is loading the container on the ship!” I cried.

The container tilted to one side, and I grabbed at the doorframe, terrified. One wrong move and I was **cheese toast**!

“HELPPPP!”

Shadow’s **PAW** grabbed me just in time



and pulled me to safety!

Squeeeeak! I was safe, but . . . I couldn't help it, I fainted from fear.

When I came to and opened my eyes, I was safely back on the **dock**. But there was no sign of the shipping container, or of **SHADOW**.



I hurried to my feet and squinted at a ship that was rumbling out to sea. I caught a glimpse of blond hair before the ship turned and steamed out into the ocean.

Rats! Shadow had gotten away again!

But then a golden glimmer caught my eye.

THE MOUSEBERGÉ EGG!

Shadow had decided to return it after all.

The *Spring Festival* was saved!



Where is Shadow?



A GOOD EGG

I grabbed the very **Precious** Mousebergé Egg, got a new bicycle at a **BIKE-SHARE** station, and **headed** for Hercule's office, pedaling as fast as I could. But he wasn't there! *He must be back at the mouseum,* I thought. *Time to ride like my tail is on* **FIRE!**

When I pulled up to the front of the mouseum, I saw that my hunch had been correct. Hercule **ran** toward me.

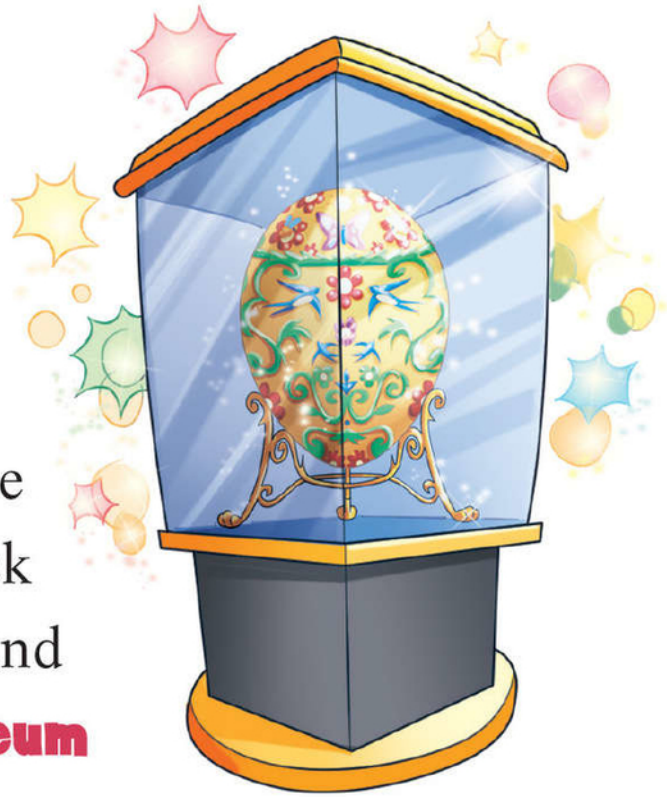
"When you didn't show up at the office, I got worried and came back to the mouseum," he cried. His snout dropped open when he saw what I was holding in my paws. "**GREAT BALLS OF MOZZARELLA,** you found the Mousebergé Egg! **That's**



incredimouse!"

I stowed my bike and we dashed into the mouseum's main hall.

Grant von Paintmouse rushed to put the Mousebergé Egg back where it belonged and threw open the **mouseum** doors to the public.



It seemed like all of New Mouse City was there for the exhibit opening. The rodents were happy to be able to admire such a **masterpiece**. Every mouse was having a wonderful time, except me.

"What's wrong, Geronimo?" Hercule asked, noting my **worried** expression.

"I gave Trap's **chocolate egg** to Shadow in order to get her to return the



TIPPY



AUNT SWEETFUR



UNCLE GRAYFUR



MOUSELLA

Mousebergé Egg. Now he'll have nothing to enter in the baking competition and it's all my fault!" I put my face in my **paws**. "Trap will be so disappointed."

But just then I felt a **GENTLE** tug on my jacket sleeve.

It was my **BELOVED** nephew Benjamin! "Uncle, I heard what you said . . . **don't worry, there's still time to replace the egg!**"

"I don't think so, Benjamin. The first egg took us **HOURS**



ALYSSA SWEETFEET



THEA



BRUCE HYENA



MR. FRITTATA



BENJAMIN



MS. FETA



**GRANDPA
WILLIAM**

to make,” I said sadly.

“I have a plan. The first egg took you hours because there were only two of you doing all the work. I believe if we round up a bunch of mice, we can re-create it in no time!” Benjamin said.

My ears perked up. “You might be onto something,” I cried. “Let’s try it! Call as many rodents as you can and **let’s all meet in my kitchen!**”



AUNT SUGARFUR



UNCLE KINDPAWS



NUTTY CHOCORAT



FONDUE



FONTINA



READY, SET, BAKE!

One after the other, **ALL** my friends and relatives showed up at my house. The first to arrive was Trap.

“I don’t know about this. I don’t **THINK** anyone will be able to top my original egg!” he grumbled.

Then Aunt Sweetfur, Grandpa William, Bruce Hyena, Thea, and Hercule arrived.

Mousella **walked in** next, followed by all my **Rodent’s Gazette** colleagues.

“Mr. Stilton, I stopped on the way and picked up **cocoa** powder!” she said.

Everymouse had brought something to contribute: pots, **molds**, spatulas, **sugar**, rare spices, **candy**, honey, marzipan, glazed **decorations**.

CANDIED
FRUIT



MARZIPAN



SPATULAS



COCOA



CANDY



What fabumouse friends!
What a mouserific family!
What a lucky ratlet I am!
Once everyone was there,
Benjamin turned to me.
“Well, **UNCLE**, tell us
what to do!”

SPICES



POTS

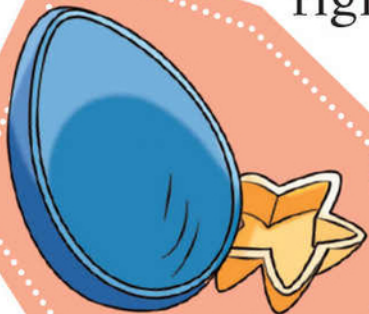


I cleared my throat.
“Friends, thank you for being
here! **Trap and I are very
grateful for your help.** You
all know Nutty Chocorat,
right?”

FLOUR



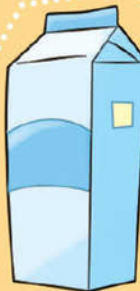
MOLDS



HONEY



MILK



PASTRY
BRUSH



Everyone nodded.

“He will **take the Leap** and show us how to bake a mouserific **chocolate** egg!” I cried. Upon hearing this news, everyone enthusiastically clapped their paws together.

Nutty Chocorat stepped forward.

“Together we will bake the best chocolate egg in town—in record time! **Are you ready?**”

“Yesssssss!” we all cried together

“Then, let’s get **going!**” Nutty Chocorat said.

Everymouse got to work measuring, chopping, and baking. In no time, we had created an **ENORMOUSE,**

COLORFUL, DELICIOUS, CHOCOLATE EGG!”



Nutty Chocorat is the most famous chocolate expert on Mouse Island.

“That’s the most **FABUMOUSE** egg I’ve ever seen!” I cried.

Next to me, Trap snorted. “After mine, of course,” he mumbled. But he looked pleased with the new egg.

“Since we all baked this egg **together**,” I said, “we should call it **THE GREAT FRIENDSHIP EGG!**”



I'm here!

Ready for work!

Here is the
cocoa powder!

Thank you!

The recipe says...



It tastes delicious!

I'll help you!

I'm in charge here!

It smells amazing!

All done!



AS SWEET AS FRIENDSHIP!

We took the egg to the contest judging station, and we made it **just in time!**

I could tell that our egg immediately **impressed** the judges. The **MULTICOLORED** decorations really made it stand out. Nutty Chocorat had even written *The Great Friendship Egg* on the front in beautiful script.

The judges walked all around it, admiring





the outside, and then sliced into it so they could have a taste. I saw one judge go back for a **SECOND** helping.

Then they gathered in a huddle, comparing notes on all the **incredimouse** eggs they had tasted that day.

After what seemed like **forever**, the judges finally returned to the stage to declare a winner.

“And now, the moment you’ve all been waiting for,” the head **judge** said.

Team Stilton gathered by the stage, and we held each other’s paws. Did we have a chance?

“The **WINNER** of the Spring Festival baking competition is . . .” the head judge started. “**The Great Friendship Egg, baked by Trap Stilton and friends!**”

The audience clapped and we swarmed



The winner is the
Great Friendship Egg!

Yay!

Good job!



around Trap to offer congratulatory **hugs**.

“I’ve done it!” Trap cheered. “But, of course, I couldn’t have done it without the help of all of my **FABUMOUSE** friends,” Trap said. “And my **incredimouse** cousin **Geronimo Stilton**.”

The Mousebergé Egg was back where it belonged. I had a **MOUSERIFFIC** story to tell in the *Rodent’s Gazette* Spring Festival special issue, Trap had won the baking competition—and I was surrounded by all my **favorite** rodents. This had been the **BEST** Spring Festival ever!

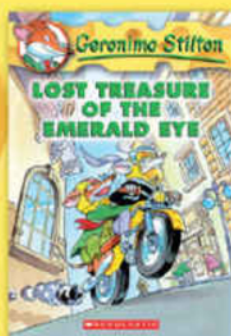
“Enough talking!” I cried.

“Let’s eat this chocolate egg!”

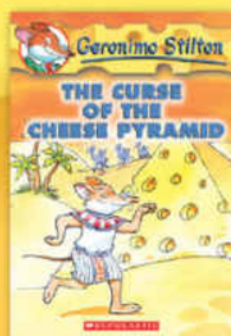




**Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure of
the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse of the
Cheese Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and Mouse in a
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond of
My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice Deep in
the Jungle**



**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



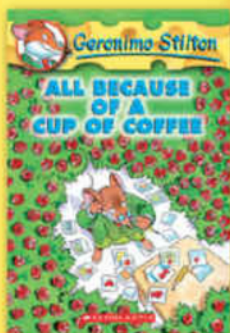
**#7 Red Pizzas for a
Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of a
Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's Halloween,
You 'Fraidy Mouse!**



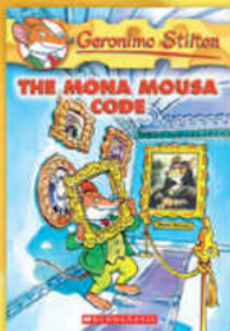
**#12 Merry Christmas,
Geronimo!**



**#13 The Phantom of
the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of the
Ruby of Fire**



**#15 The Mona Mousa
Code**



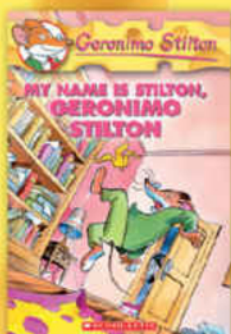
**#16 A Cheese-Colored
Camper**



**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



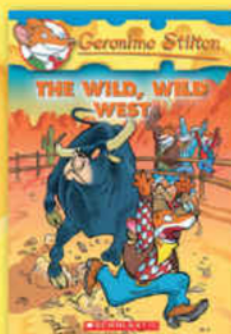
**#18 Shipwreck on the
Pirate Islands**



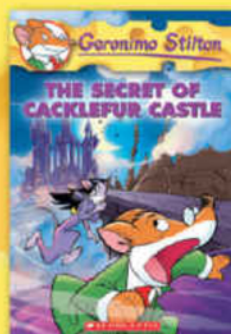
**#19 My Name Is Stilton,
Geronimo Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!**



**#21 The Wild, Wild
West**



**#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur Castle**



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



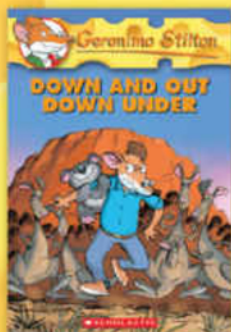
#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



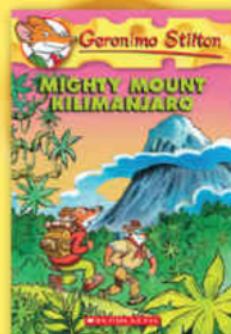
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



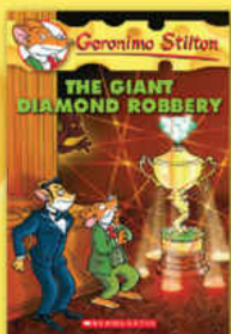
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



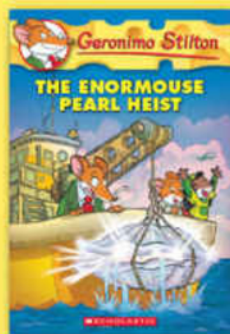
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



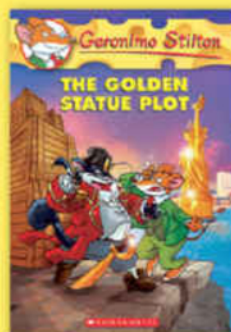
#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



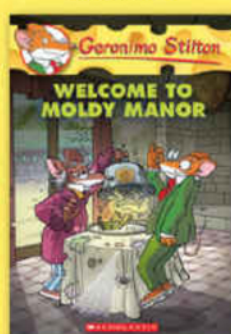
The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



The Hunt for the Secret Papyrus



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission



#65 Bollywood Burglary



The Hunt for the Hundredth Key



#66 Operation: Secret Recipe



#67 The Chocolate Chase

MEET Geronimo Stiltonord



He is a mouseking – the Geronimo Stilton of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waters to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!



#1 Attack of the
Dragons



#2 The Famous
Fjord Race



#3 Pull the
Dragon's Tooth!



#4 Stay Strong,
Geronimo!



#5 The Mysterious
Message



#6 The Helmet
Holdup



**Don't miss any of
these exciting Thea
Sisters adventures!**



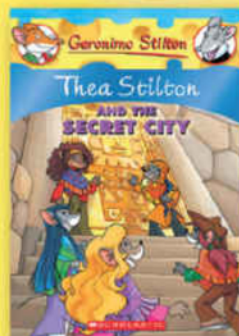
**Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



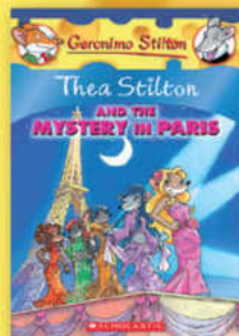
**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret City**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



**Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery on the Orient Express**



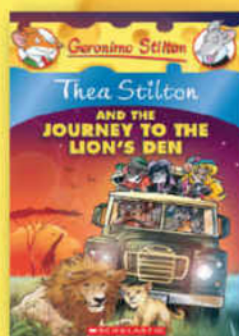
**Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**



**Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist**



**Thea Stilton and the
Chocolate Sabotage**



**Thea Stilton and the
Missing Myth**



**Thea Stilton and the
Lost Letters**



**Thea Stilton and the
Tropical Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Hollywood Hoax**

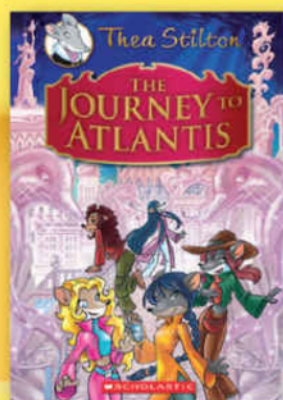


**Thea Stilton and the
Madagascar Madness**



**Thea Stilton and the
Frozen Fiasco**

And check out my fabumouse special editions!



**THEA STILTON:
THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS**



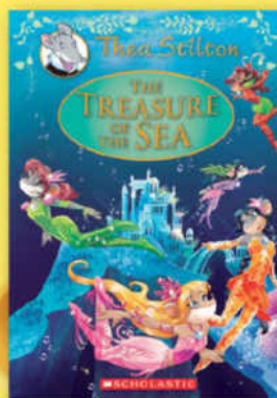
**THEA STILTON:
THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES**



**THEA STILTON:
THE SECRET OF
THE SNOW**



**THEA STILTON:
THE CLOUD
CASTLE**



**THEA STILTON:
THE TREASURE
OF THE SEA**



Don't miss
any of my
special edition
adventures!



**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



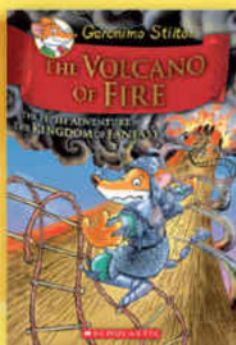
**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:**
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:**
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:**
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:**
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE:**
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:**
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE PHOENIX
OF DESTINY:**
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



**THE HOUR OF
MAGIC:**
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE WIZARD'S
WAND:**
THE NINTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE SHIP OF
SECRETS:**
THE TENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON
OF FORTUNE:**
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



**THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME**



BACK IN TIME:
THE SECOND JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



**THE RACE
AGAINST TIME:**
THE THIRD JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



LOST IN TIME:
THE FOURTH JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



#6 The Underwater Planet



#7 Beware! Space Junk!



#8 Away in a Star Sled



#9 Slurp Monster Showdown



#10 Pirate Spacecat Attack



#11 We'll Bite Your Tail, Geronimo!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



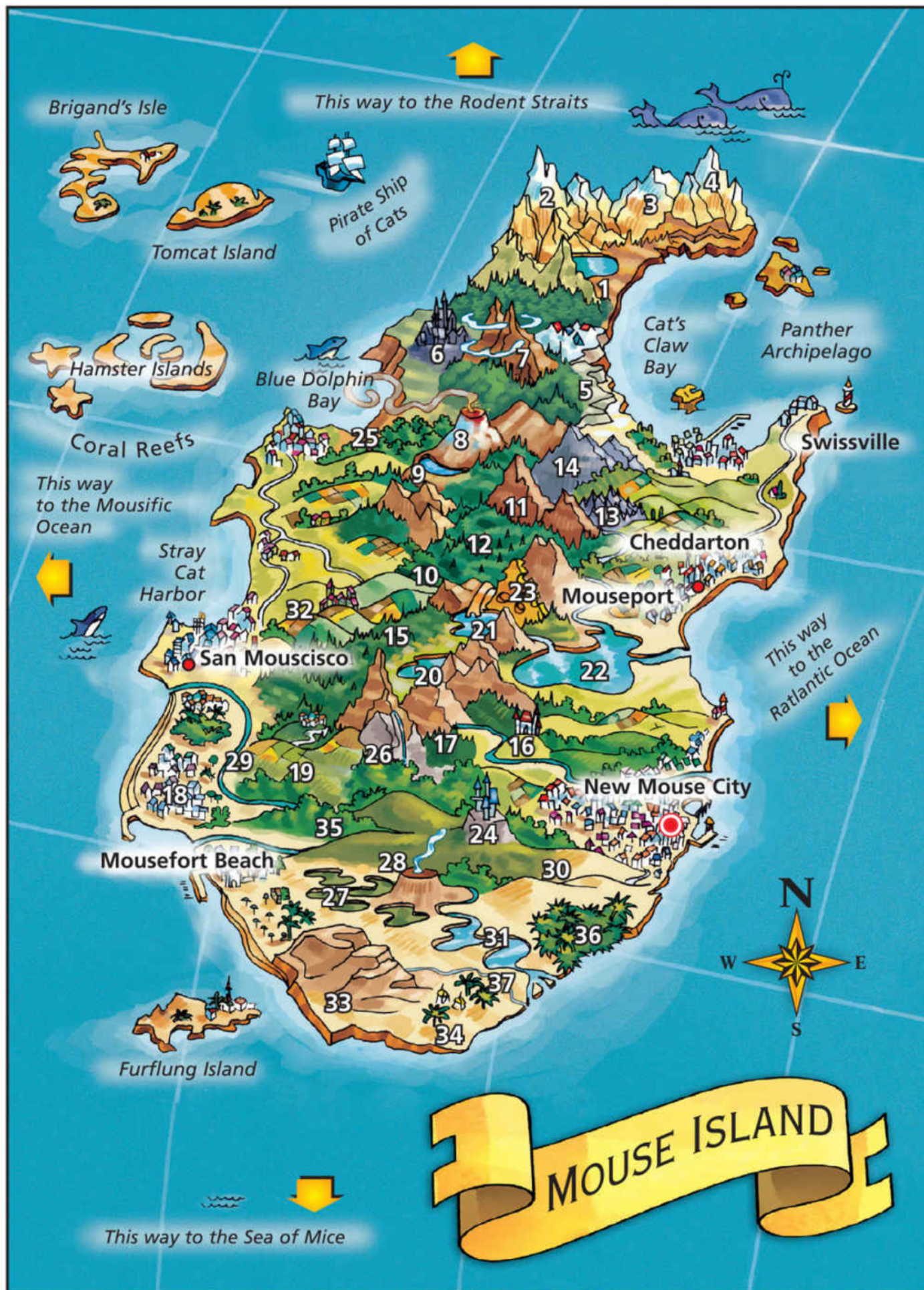
1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



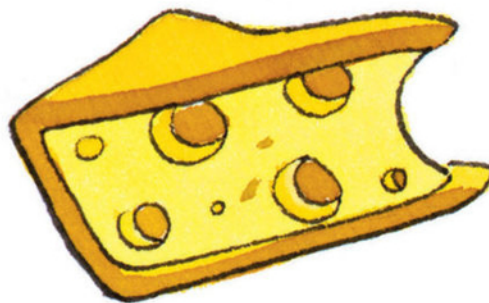
Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 26. Trap's House |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 27. Fashion District |
| 5. Cheese Market | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 6. Fish Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 7. Town Hall | 30. Harbor Office |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 32. Golf Course |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 11. Trade Center | 34. Tennis Courts |
| 12. Movie Theater | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 13. Gym | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 37. Historic District |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 38. Public Library |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 39. Shipyard |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 40. Thea's House |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 23. University and Library | 46. Grandfather William's House |



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant
Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the
Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

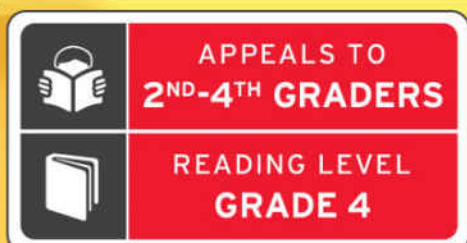
THE CHOCOLATE CHASE

It was spring in New Mouse City! I love to celebrate the season with my fellow mice by exchanging chocolate eggs and competing in a confectionary challenge. This year, there was also a special priceless jeweled Mousebergé Egg in town. Then the Mousebergé Egg was stolen . . . and it was up to me to find it! Squeak! Could I chase it down?

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www.geronimostilton.com

 **SCHOLASTIC**



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www.scholastic.com/readinglevel